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The
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Way

KATHERINE HARRUB ATHERTON

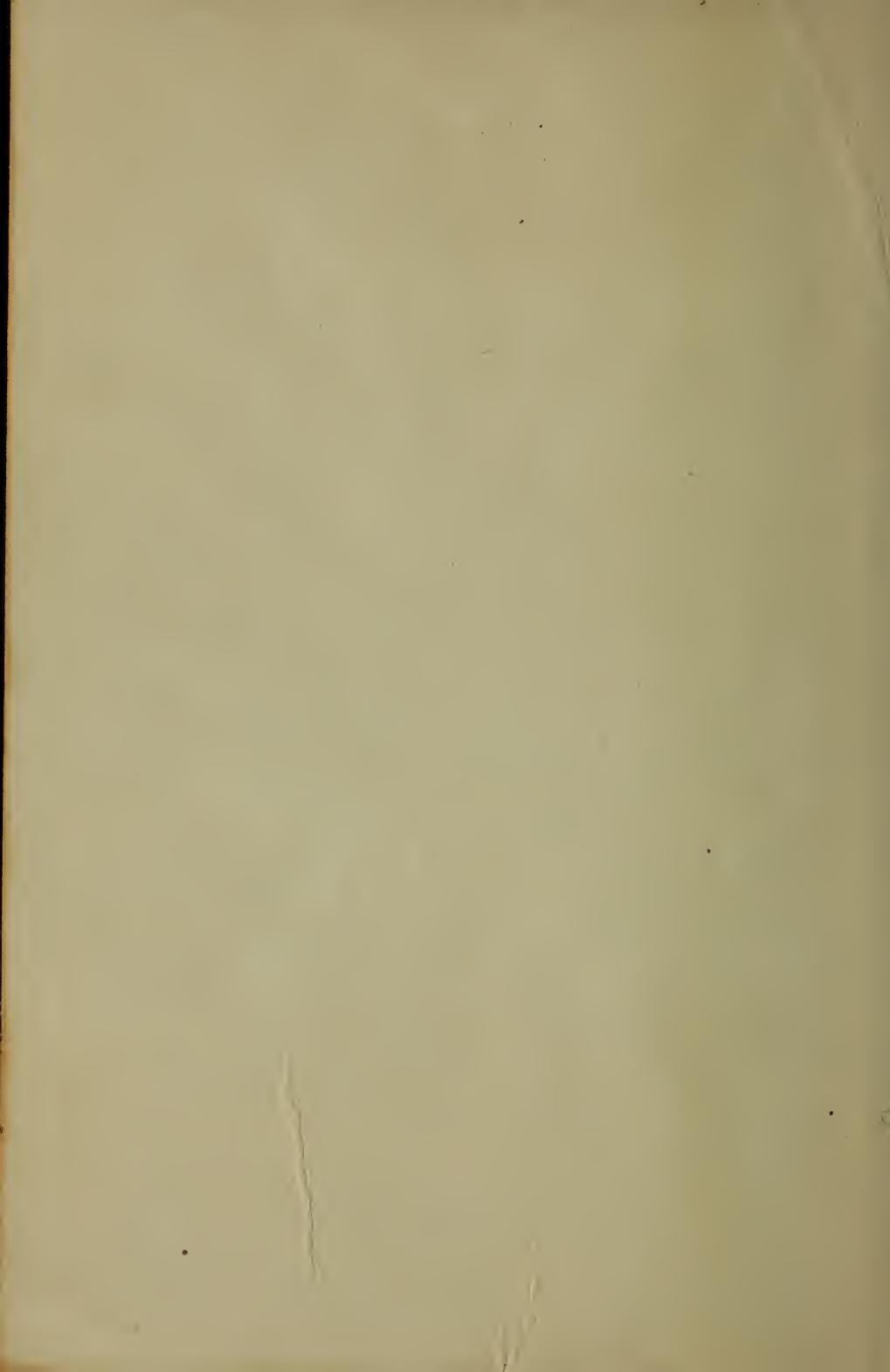


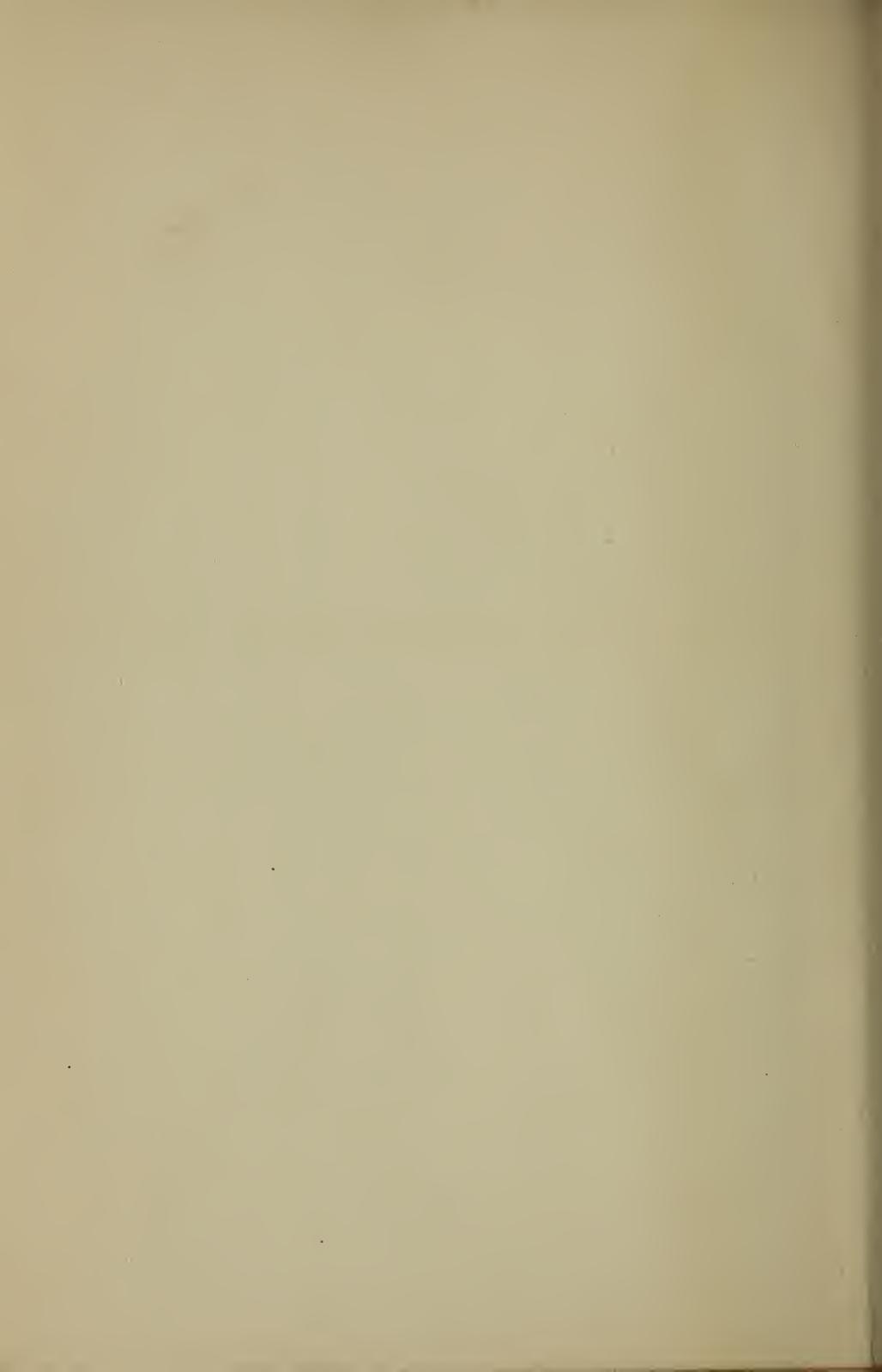
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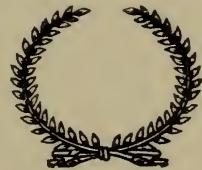
THE ONE RIGHT WAY

The One Right Way

BY

KATHERINE HARRUB ATHERTON

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CARSON CITY, NEVADA

1913

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This is a story never old,
Everywhere on sea and land it's told.
'Tis grand. Let it be in the hearts of man.
It is by God given.—It can't be sold.
On life's journey for God and man, do all
you can.

PREFACE.

'Twas many days ago there dwelt upon the earth God's messengers from above. They foretold His wondrous works of love. His great teachings by the deeds of man were taught; they were given, they were not bought. To some they went as all for naught. It was not by man, but by God they were being taught. These were not the ways of the land, the people thought them very grand.

The blind were made to see, the lame to walk, the speechless how to talk. Ah! indeed, He leadeth me. If the same today were only thought, there would be more honor in man—they could not be bought.

We came to this earth to do what we can.

Preface

Some say, "what care I for God or man." The thoughtless say, "there is no other land." but the followers of God, not man, go faithfully on and say, "I shall do all I can."

Fear thou not the criticism of fellow man, too many this has already prevented from doing all they can. Oh God, that this may some day be a happy land.

The One Right Way

BOOK ONE

CHAPTER ONE

Our life has just begun.
A terrible race we've got to run
At the rising of the Son.

This story is laid from a plot lived in our present day in a little Western City almost completely surrounded by mountains, the serenity of which is not disturbed by the noisy din of the busy city. In it there is not such a lot, it's nature's own, and for God and man a home.

It is situated in the United States, the country which floats the emblem of God, itself and man. This emblem alone should make everyone want

for their sins to atone. It has never trailed in the dust, for on high God has said to float it must.

It is the promise from God to man, for everyone in this whole land, be he rich or great, it is never too late.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Oh! can't you see? Be he rich or poor, high or low, black or white, he shall be led from the darkness into the light, from the wrong each one to do right. Ye, to God must go. He has told you so.

It all commenced by a sad mistake and surely from happiness us it did take; but even now as then, it is not too late.

There dwelt in a home upon this land, a couple, (I can't write of all, 'twould be too grand) who were very happy and apparently blessed with all of earth's desires.

Into this home there came some friends of the devil, not of God or man. 'Twas no longer the happiest in the land.

To the four points of the compass they scattered, nothing to God or man mattered, till one

day the world no longer bore its rosy hue, they began to think, then at their sins they could no longer wink. What should they do? Ah! that 'twere only a dream, but 'twas all too true.

Both homes were scattered, but to a friend this never mattered, till one day some earthly ones said this friendship must be shattered.

'Twas then the struggle on this earth began, the race between the devil and God we ran. We were tried in many forms, we were roughly tossed by various storms, but silently on her way, went our friend, for to her own business they told her she had to tend. She went back once then again; only a little assistance she wanted to lend, and help some of them their ways to mend.

The devil only, spoke, "such principle was but a joke." Then it was again that God spoke, "why weepest thou?" Ye cannot always tell the other fellow how." But the friend said "I can, I will, I shall and it must be now."

Life's burden had indeed become great. Friend feared it was too late, but to God she said: "*I still defy this fate.*"

It was then the thought came, I might say how but not when. It's never too late.—Never too late our ways to mend.

It seemed as if the whole earth had turned into a living lie, and to reform this, Friend said she'd try. For a time, she gave herself up to prayer, this she could do everywhere. Often you'd see her stand and sigh, but her heart was filled with the light and love of God, she was getting her help from on high.

She had had a home, a mother and many friends; they had gone, she was bereft. She looked around, there seemed to be nothing left. To be very frank, the future seemed but a blank. What was to be the game?

For days and nights she wondered; some of the past she knew she had squandered. Oh! how to forget the same. She had only a name.

Again to God she prayed, herself for her sins sins she flayed, and God came and said: "What is it that you dread? Why weepest thou? What makes you cry? Have you not life's journey tread? Did you not try?" Friend thought again and said: "My ways I'll mend." Then

God spake to her again and said: "What makes you worry? Don't you know there is no hurry? Be it here or there, it shall be everywhere. You have done your best, you can do no more." Friend thought a while and then she said: "Not so, for me there can be no rest. 'Tis true, I have done my best, but I must do as my Savior who went before, I must not only help myself, but I must help more. He saved himself, and he saved man. Say you now I have done what I can?"

The struggle I must begin. To do the most good, we must scatter the sin. Nothing she did was right, the future looked anything but bright; then she thought, did she not do right? Had she not an honor that could not be bought? Each time a new trial was placed, a harder struggle had to be faced, but only more firmly herself she braced as she said: "It shall be as God sees fit and best. He shall help me with the rest; lead me from the darkness into the light, for I shall do what is right,—I shall try with all my might."

Once only she tried to speak, but again it all went for naught. Then God said: "Surely My

assistance I'll lend, for I see you can teach. They must be taught; their ways they have got to mend."

CHAPTER TWO.

Oh! happy land.
Is God's promise not grand?
It is to man.

Friend went on her way this very day. Her mission was to her fellow man. She was the happiest in all the land. At first there seemed nothing to do; she became discouraged and blue, but she bravely said: "To succeed I shall, this is true."

One day in her travels she got a chance a kindly word to speak. 'Twas but the first till there came to her a man who seemed much troubled, then there was a friendly thought and Friend wondered if he could be taught. She turned on her path and went back to the troubled man and said: "Is there anything I can do? I will if I can."

The man was puzzled as he thought of a helping hand, but he silently thought such a one

does not belong upon this land, she is teaching,
I can be taught; her help is from God it can't be
bought; to me it cannot go for nought.

They placed their hands together, for a time
there seemed to be nothing to do whatever. Then
they said to each other, "what is it you hope to
do? Is what you have told me true? You have
found you are not too late for a place on God's
high estate? Ah! God grant this shall be my
fate."

Then it was that our friend rose in her just
indignation and said: "would you indeed be
content to always say 'by God I was led?'" Can
you not see? Oh! what a victory to be able to
say, I am leading for God—for a time I was
led—It is His way.

Then her troubled friend silently and carefully
thought, "You speak as the words of wisdom,
you are teaching. By God indeed you have been
taught. To me, at least, your words shall not go
for naught; they have been given, such cannot
be bought."

Their paths then did part, on life's journey
then they did start, and the one to the other did

say as they went on their way: "I shall hope to see you again some day."

The thought came to her, "something can be given even to them that hath."

There came along her path one day, a woman. She thought there is my chance, she saw it at a glance. She only said: "All is not right; I shall have to try to make her life more bright. She already hath, but something can be given. We'll have to make a fight, for we'll have to lead from the darkness into the light," so she resolved to try with all her might.

At first the way seemed dark indeed. It became constantly more apparent the devil was in the lead. Friend only said: "I shall do right, I shall lead from the darkness into the light and in the end we'll both do right and see then if from his hold we can't be freed?"

The race started, life's journed we had begun. The devil had the lead. Very deep in this heart he seemed to have sowed the seed. One day we would teach, the next we were taught, and at times, it did indeed seem it would all go for naught.

Could she not be taught? The harder and faster grew the race. Others entered. More than one Friend had to face. She only thought, what is this, a three cornered race? Not so, a whole band had entered on this land, and friend was but a single hand. The odds against her were very great. Still her only thought, "can't she be taught?—Oh! what a fate." But she stoutly said, "it shall never be too late."

Friend went silently on her way. One day she was teaching, the next she was being taught. 'Twas then she saw she too was running a race. 'Twas not the ones on earth she was afraid to face, but on God's High Estate she was trying to win a place.

God has shown us, it is never too late—
Such can be to all our fate.
He is might, He will show us right
Out of the darkness into the light.
He leadeth me. He has said it's got to be.
This race you have run, it you have won.
Your work is not finished, it's just begun.

CHAPTER THREE

My work has just begun.
What can the matter be?
What haven't I done?

Friend was sorely troubled, her faith in God was unshaken, her race with man she had won, still her work had just begun.

Her resources seemed exhausted till one day, she heard a voice say, "you have helped God and man,—for the children, now, do what you can. Sometimes they are teachers, sometimes they are being taught. Oh! do what you can that their efforts shall not go for naught. They are not all teachers some can be taught."

Ah! happy thought; they said that I could teach, I could be taught. The first one came to hand, he was one of God's children on this land. For months he sighed, and well he tried, good efforts he made, but soon his ardour began to fade.

Another came, with God's gifts he was not so

blessed, but he had the rest. He tried till one day success was his. He forgot he had been taught. Now he was a teacher. He seemed to have no other thought. He could be no longer taught.

Friend sadly thought: "What have I begun? Are these teachings going all for naught? What have I done?"

Another came, his life thus far was carelessly spent, on success alone, you could see he was bent. To him our aid was lent. To us we knew he had been sent. He was not a teacher, he could be taught.

His lessons were given, they could not be bought. The days went wearily by, his efforts were great, we knew it was not too late if he would but try.

Success within his grasp, it came at last; nothing for him there seemed to do. Unfortunately this seemed too true, till one day there was a chance, he saw it at a glance. The work was menial, the pay was poor. This duty he bravely performed; for something better we all knew he mourned. Still one day success came our way, and then into God's world he did stray.

"I am a teacher, I have been taught, was his one thought." These teachings shall not go all for naught. His work has just begun, he worked hard, had had little fun, but it heralded the rising of a son. His wish, another victory soon to be won, his work is not finished, though well he has done.

Life's pathway is sometimes rugged and steep, the world is at our feet, we must rise to the occasion, the masses we must meet, each one the other, with a friendly smile we have got to greet. This, to drive away eternal sleep.

Our acquaintances are many, our friends are few. To make it the other way, is what we have to do. It is the old way and not the new. Is it not God's way? Is it not true?

Sometimes we're happy, sometimes we're blue, sometimes we can make others happy, this we have got to do. Oh! this is true. If it can't be many, let it be few; if its only one, far better this than none.

It is our duty to man, we must do what we can. Then we cannot fail to be happy on this land. The outcome cannot help but be very grand.

Sometimes we're rich, sometimes we're poor, sometimes we have little, sometimes more. But remember, if we have only a name, God loves us just the same.

It may not be here, it may not be there, but God has said it shall be everywhere. Be brave and strong and true, this we have got to do. It is the old teachings, it's not the new, that are among too few. If your friend cannot see the way, give him a helping hand, this will make you one of the happiest on the land,—try it some day.

In all our hearts, He's sowed the seed of love, it is a gift we have been given from above. There shall always be another day, but there is just one right way. Do what you can, do what you may, this is what we all have got to say: "Ye can teach, if ye can be taught, but such lessons must be given, they can't be bought. God's works shall not go for naught."

BOOK TWO

CHAPTER FOUR.

Some are sad, and some are glad.
No matter what, if they're good or bad
To each and every one be kind
For in all hearts, love is entwined.

Look and ye shall find. No matter what they say or do, just never mind. Sometimes its not very kind, but remember that every cloud is silvery lined.

They do not always come to your door. Some need a little help, some need more ; but remember, it matters not if I have ever seen you before, you shall always be welcome to a part of my store.

It shall not be here or there, Oh ! let it be everywhere. If it can't be me, let it be you, we have all got to see what we can do.

If you can't do it alone, remember there is one

who is always at home, and who shall help everyone for their sins to atone.

You have been told, if you will but ask, that the evil within us shall be outcast. We have got to climb our mast, we cannot live in a dead, sad past. Joy has got to come to each, be it first or last. Oh, be willing,—let it come fast. This is not beyond our reach, as there is always someone who is willing to teach.

The road is rough and steep, but its the only way to avoid eternal sleep.

The time is ripe, when all have got to do whats right. We have only to try with all our might, and we shall be led from the darkness into the light.

This is no dream, no matter how to you it may seem. This is a message from above sent to you on earth by a God of love. He will show you the way, for ye must go to Him some day.

We must help ourselves, and God, and man. Can you tell me how this is? See if you can? This, by each and every one can be easily done, try it, and see then what a victory has been won.

Will you be sorry to know your work will

never be done? In reality, it shall just be begun.

Be careful how we sow the seed; to go back the way is long indeed. We can reap a crop, till this is done, never stop. It might not be much, but remember, with God we have got to get in touch.

No matter if the way is long indeed, to be guided safely over is what we need, so that from care and trouble we can be freed.

Our home must be built on a foundation of rock, so that at our doors, success can knock. Oh! that ye can be able to turn the lock and let it in, think what it would be, thus to win.

Each one has his own sorrow. This of our neighbor we never have to borrow. Get over ours today, we might be able to help the other fellow tomorrow. He might not be as strong as we; but he is willing to be shown. Oh! can't you see, he too wants to be free? If it can't be you then let it be me, for a help to all is what we want to be.

We shall often look back upon our past; but let us be able to say, "I have won at last."

We are given many a test, we have only to do our best.

We have many duties, we can have little rest; but are we not hoping that some day our lives, by God, shall be blessed?

There is no particular way, just take what comes to hand each day. Don't try to follow what the other fellow's say, go ahead and do what's right, work with all your might and soon you'll see a light. You cannot hope to win without an awful fight if you want to reach that place where there is no night.

Sometimes our duties are not of our choice, in this we have no voice. The work that comes to hand is what we have got to land, then we can go on to something more grand.

Each day there's new work to be done and a different kind of victory to be won. Sometimes there's pleasure, sometimes pain, but we can always ask One and it shall not be in vain. He gives it measure for measure.

He is kind and he is just, in Him place all your trust.

Some of our work is done badly, some we do

well, but it is not how that we can tell. There are many ups and many downs, some have smiles and some have frowns, some are good and some are bad; but no two just the same experience have had.

It is not for us to say how the other fellow shall do, he has first to himself and to God to be true. It is the old way that we have got to come to some day. This we have got to do.

Help yourself, help God, and help man. Can you then fail to be one of the happiest in the land? Get rid of your own troubles today, you might be able to help the other fellow tomorrow. Give your assistance, don't let him have to borrow. If you will only try, help shall come to each and every one from on high. This is given, it we can't buy, 'twill help us into eternity to fly where we'll have a home above, in which dwells our God of love.—*Let us try.*

Our day may be distant, it may be nigh. At our fate don't sit down and cry. Just go on and patiently wait. You will have better luck at a not far distant date. Let yours' be a happy fate.

CHAPTER FIVE.

She was a stranger, they took her in,
They did not think that she could win.
Now she waits the victorious day
When we can see what they will say.

She had no earthly home, unfortunately she seemed to be alone. She was willing ; she wanted to be shown.

Night after night, and day after day, many and varied things to keep up her hope did we say, even then we couldn't tell how the land with us would lay. We knew there was only one right way.

She believed in God, she believed in man, but she couldn't say "I have done what I can." Her thoughts were sad and deep, many times she had little sleep. The road before her seemed to be rough and steep. Something had to be done, the difficulties we had to meet. Our work was to be begun.

Her life, to her, had seemed lonely and sad.

She had tried to be good; she didn't want to be bad. She couldn't tell why, but now she was so anxious to try. She wanted to make a new start; in reality she wanted to go back and do her part, for love dwelt deep within her heart.

For a time all went well, till one day, into the hands of some wayward friends she did stray. They were kind, she thought they were true so she gave up the old friends for the new.

We felt in us she did no longer trust; but Oh, we wanted to help her—we felt we must.

We asked why, we thought she meant to be just, but only lower and lower we were laid in the dust.

What had we done? Oh! why this mistrust? Weren't we going to be able to finish what we had begun?

Sad and heavy indeed was the old friend's heart, but bravely she went on determined to do her part. She thought long and earnestly and wondered what she had done. There seemed no hope that she could say, "I have won." But she only said, I am not finished, I have begun.

These two friends parted, the distance between

them was great, the one had gone to another state; still we knew it was not too late.

Day after day just rolled away, there was nothing the old friend could do or say, her heart was heavy, her burden was great, but she only prayed that all might have a happy fate. She knew not what she had done, a friend she had lost but a victory she had won. She had started her on the way, but she could not be with her on the first victorious day. The one friend had listened to what others had had to say. It came about in the month of May.

The old friend was very sad, she only said: "I never knew I was so very bad." Her head was now bowed in sorrow, but stoutly she said, "I'll not live in the yesterdays, I'll go on to the tomorrow." She said her ways she'd try to mend. Such assistance as she could, she'd lend. She handn't much strength, but to do good she'd go any length. She now stands alone, but for her errors she's more than willing to atone, and she only asks of the God above, that she shall be shown.

'Twas now with her as when a little child,

and she humbly and silently prayed that God might hear the prayer she filed. She didn't have long to wait for help came to her e'er it was too late. She thought she had to stand alone, but many friends she was speedily shown, and she only said, "this I have never known, but surely there has been some good seed sown."

She was taken in; she was made to feel at home, and she knew then that as long as she lived, she would never be alone. She might not have an earthly friend or a home, but greater than all of these had she been shown. She lived and hoped for the best, she trusted in God to help her with the rest. Her friends proved to be many, her enemies were few, and she determined to go on and see what good that she could do. She said: "I'll forget the past and live for the tomorrow to the last. And may it be forever, as I hope that with this One my friendship shall never be severed."

"Tis not an earthly tie, it is given to us all from on high. We have nothing to do—only just to try. We are never alone, such help is always nigh.

They might think of me as they may, but of their thoughts I have nothing whatever to say. There is not a straw in their path that I would lay; but if they don't for me, for themselves, I hope they'll pray.

I can't be liked by you all, but remember, that we each and every one must wait till we hear from above our call, be he rich or poor, great or small, Oh! thank God that into such kindly hands we shall fall.

He will never turn us away but wait most patiently to hear what we have got to say. Let it be of every one, some good on that great day.

He judges us as we judge you, but it is His privilege, its not for me or you, though there are many other things that we can do; but we have to Him, first of all, to be true.

CHAPTER SIX.

She was a friend and they turned her out
She couldn't, they wouldn't tell what 'twas all about.
She hadn't much physical strength, spiritually she
was very stout.

The day is at hand, the time is nigh when you
can all help, as did she, from on high. Ye must
not say "I can't," but you must say "I shall try;"
for to God first, then to man we shall fly.

It is not by the aid of wings, it is not by the
order of kings; but it is by doing good even
though they be little things, that success, to each
and every one brings.

What is it that the angels sing? Is it a song
of love or are they the stories of old sent you
from above? Sometimes them we sing and
happiness they do bring, sometimes them we
pray but do we always realize just what we
say? It's not always the prayer that's written

but its the prayer that guides us each day.
'Tis the prayer we live, our willingness, our help
to give. This to God is known, it is not necessary
for any one else to be shown. He is our
judge. His opinions of us we can't budge. We
are his messengers.

There are many things we have got to do, if
it can't be something old, let it be something
new. If it has been something done, something
else must be immediately begun. There has got
to be another rising of the Son.

Ye are all aiming for the same mountain
height, some have heavy burdens, some have
light; but remember, we have got to help our-
selves and the others with all our might.

Today they might succeed, we cannot always
tell when we might find them in need, though
everyone should know, in our hearts has been
sowed a friendly seed, that they to us can go.

Can we find this on earth? Ah yes. Though
this, to each other, very few have dared to con-
fess. Little they know how wrongly they speak,
lest the other fellow might say: "She acts like
a freak." This is not the part of our fellow man,

this it not what's buried deep within our heart,
we know we've got to do what we can.

Hear thou me, it has got to be, for He leadeth
me. This is the way from our sins we can be
free, this is the way that God has said it shall be.

They might treat us wrongly today but let it
go, and let there be nothing you have to say; it
can do no good to tell them so; quietly look and
go away. If they have done you wrong ask God
to forgive, for to atone they have got to live.

If you have done your best ye can have no
concern about the rest. But if in turn you've
done them no wrong, remember they shall have
to come to you before so very long. Ye may
not have given them money, this may seem to
some to be very funny. What should they have
to say, have they been with you all your life?
Have they seen what you have done day by
day? Can they then know what a rough road
has been your way?

'Tis not meant' how you have done, that they
should say.

Each one must live his life, be it one of pleas-
ure or one of strife. We might help if we can,

but of it we must not tell our fellow man. Their sorrow is not yours, this you never wanted to borrow; but remember they have a chance to go on today as well as tomorrow. Sometimes ye have to be told, so you them from wrong can hold, for too often they are willing to satan to be sold. You are God's messenger, remember, to bring them back to His fold.

They might be sorry that you know, but let them rejoice that only God and no one else can know. Let them know they have a friend to whom they can go and who is always willing her assistance to lend, but they must not be judges for if they are, their ways they'll have to mend. Ye cannot always tell how or why this assistance someone did send. Rather accept it and remember you have a friend.

She might not be just as you wish, but by you she is not to be condemned, for have you not found her willing her ways to mend? Have you sought to turn her in her path because she has now not the same, but rather have you wielded the blow that has told her she no longer to you can go? Did you know that to God she can go?

Or didn't the other fellows tell you so?

There is a home always, at last, but live for the future not for the past.

Many times very strangely we are placed, many and varied experiences we've faced, but may it be with the devil I've won, for valiently with him I've raced.

Remember, if the one won't let you in, it is all right, for perhaps they are thinking that you they are keeping from sin. Let them know now there is a different way, let them begin. Ye can ask, they can win. This has been done, it's something that has been. Can't ye see now that ye all can win? There was the rising of the Son to save us from sin.

BOOK THREE

CHAPTER SEVEN.

We all know what has been.
We do not know what is to be.
If the evil is outcast, we win,
Won't you be willing to see?

She was only a little child, as soon as she could, a prayer with God she filed. It was not in words, 'twas born within, this had to be to help save her from sin.

Little did she know what she had to face; but for life's battle each day herself she did brace.

For a time she had all that she desired, she only played and would get very tired. This had to be, that she might grow strong and many strange things be permitted to see 'eer so very long. Her mind began to grow, to her it seemed so slow, she was getting so she wanted to know.

As the frail little body became more complete,

greater difficulties she had to meet. First, she had to be careful of what she did eat. They didn't want her to, but she kind of liked something that was sweet.

It wasn't her heart that was the troublesome part, it didn't reach up that far. Something else, it was, that wasn't quite at par.

They said it was because she couldn't chew, she wondered what they meant, that to her was all brand new. It wasn't so very long till some little teeth she grew, they came one by one, pretty soon she had a few. 'Twas then that she could eat something that to her was entirely new, because she had these little teeth with which she could chew.

From whence did they come, she had no clew, but the older and wiser ones all thought they knew. It was a little seed that had been sowed within, that had to come forth to help to win.

The first, they weren't so very good. Why this is, I've never quite understood, the second came before long. These were far more strong. Some they lasted fairly well, of the others I'd hate to tell. Real one, they couldn't buy, no

matter how hard we did try: The old ones, so bad we wanted to keep, even though sometimes they lost us some sleep. They said it was due to the candy that had been lying around too handy.

This trouble seemed very bad, though 'twas nothing when compared with what others had had.

She acquired a little age, 'twas then in her book she turned the page. There were many lessons for her to learn, some for her to teach, as things were not always just within her reach. To them she gave her own name, to the others it wasn't the same. She tried so hard to make them know and had such little power with which to show. Her words were few and there was constantly something that had to be learned that was new.

They felt safe for a time, as to what they might say; but pretty soon she got so she'd ask them about it next day. We knew then she had learned some lessons, but neither how nor when. And the others some of their ways they'd have

to mend, so rightly on life's journey her they should send.

At first she seemed to know no wrong, then temptation came in her way and it made of her, indeed, a sad little girl that day. She was always alone even though she loved everything that was in her home. She couldn't run quite as fast as they, so it was behind they generally wanted her to stay. She had some wooly cats who helped her to pass the time away, and she longed to have friends like other people some day.

Misfortune came in that home, the fountain of wealth had fled, there was no one to blame; nothing to be said.

Things went from bad to worse, it seemed as if there rested on them all a curse. They had plenty to eat, a place to sleep, but other sorrows they had to meet.

One by one they went away, their own living to make each day. A little assistance they did lend, but it wasn't much else that they did say.

At last they all had gone but one, and from the start, almost, it had been to work hard to the exclusion of nearly all her fun.

She murmured not, she did her best, she couldn't earn her own living but she could help the rest. The days were long, the strain was great but she only thought—is this my fate?

She got through her school, she thought she had with her a powerful tool. She thought now she could make a start. The first, the pay was very small it was practically nothing at all. The next it wasn't so good but she said, why is it these things by me are not understood? There seemed little chance, there was nothing she could see at a glance. Where she was she was not at home, she had no money, things looked to her anything but funny. She had tried so hard, and to her very welcome indeed, when from home she got a little card.

She went back to the old toils to try to gain power to stand on her own feet, for there at least, she could wash and have plenty to eat.

For years she tried many times, she silently cried for an easier road; but she never once questioned her present fate, nor shifted her load.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

It was all work, very little fun.
The clouds were dark, there was little sun.
Her work had been well begun.

Patiently day by day she went on her way,
silently thinking, having very little to say. Her
duties she did well, she didn't know why, in fact
no one could tell. Oft times hasty words she
would speak but it was when she was tired and
weak.

Her burden was very great, all looked as
though 'twould be such an unhappy fate. She
didn't know then as she knows now, it's never
too late.

No one had time to show her how, 'twas in-
deed a lonely and a rough old road she had to
plow. Her friends were not of the others choice
and they didn't know in selecting them she
should have any voice. She loved them dearly,
she trusted them all, but she never could have
them nor on them call.

One by one they scattered, she lost not a friend; they stand ready now their assistance to lend. Thus far the friendship they had never shattered. What others said, they knew her, and it never mattered.

She had never known what it meant to read, so into this pastime, she we did lead. She loved her books, they gave her comfort and cheer, they told her of sorrows that others had had who had friends who were near and dear. Over these struggles she she'd many a sympathetic tear, but she didn't know that the time for her to do the same over her own was so near.

The first break in the family came, from the first, things never were the same.

They remembered him. They knew he had gone, but they didn't know that spiritually he was not very strong. The day came at last when the little girl had more than she could bear. She went out, she sought for help everywhere, when at last she turned to her old help and comforter,—silent prayer. In this she could tell all, she could pour out to loving ears, the seething, boiling torture that was within, not

because she had, but because others did sin. She had tried so hard to help them win, and it was here that her sorrow did begin.

For them surely she had done her best. There was nothing now she did that was right. All that was said and done to her was not to make things more bright. There was one on this earth to whom she felt very grateful and each time a request was made she granted the same, and the love was never permitted to fade.

When others came into this home and said of our little friend, "her best friend she did leave alone." "Hadn't treated her right." "Hadn't tried to make her life, to the best of her ability, very bright." "Had taken all she could get,"—they listened. It was the saddest blow with which our little friend had met.

She said not a word, she knew not what had been said nor what the old friend had heard, but when this friend did say, as she stood only a little distance away, "you have never done any thing for me." She longed to tell her some day she would be better able to see, but instead, she bowed her head, "I have never done anything

for you," was all that she did say, and sorrowfully walked away.

She went to her office, there at least she could find a friend. It was a mercy to be able to work. Everyone was more than willing their assistance to lend.

She was absorbed in her sorrowful thoughts. She longed to be alone, for thus at least, no cruelties should be shown. She lived on prayer, 'twas her constant thought. Oh thank God such comfort is given, it don't have to be bought.

If we ask we shall receive, but first of all in God we must believe. If we don't do right, be it here or there, we shall have to be led from the darkness into the light,—we must try with all our might.

We must not only live for ourselves but we must live for others, be they friends, strangers, sisters, brothers, fathers or mothers.

If by them we have been turned out, it is they, not you, who will have to turn in their path about. We cannot trample heedlessly under foot unless we ourselves shall be forsook.

It is the teachings of very long ago, and God

has said that it is right it has to be so. Ye, everyone this should know so ye can take heed, for if we don't the punishment shall be great indeed.

Some might believe what others have to say; but they shall encounter One who won't some day. If ye haven't done right ye shall be anything but bright.

If ye shall do right and for what ye need, ye'll ask for in prayer, we shall have comfort, we shall have help everywhere. We must seek and we must find, we must help and we must be kind, but remember, the other fellow's actions, by us, must not be defined. We can suggest a way but whether they shall do it or not is for them to say.

We shall have help, it is always nigh, we shall get help and comfort from on high.

We must pray for those who have gone before, we must do this and we must do more. I know it now, I never knew it before.

We must do all we can, so that we can be God's messengers on this land, for that is why we are here, it is to take this stand: *Trust in God and have no fear.*

CHAPTER NINE.

She was in the darkness, now she dwells in the light.
It is because she did what's right. It was an awful
fight.

No one on earth seemed to know she could win.
They were all too prone to say she did sin.

She had trusted all her life in prayer, she tried to do good everywhere. Very badly she often fared but oft times she'd try to pass it off and say she never cared. They were permitted to go and she told them so.

Whatever she had, she had always shared; but to be free with them, she never dared. She knew they meant to be kind. As to the rest by her, it was never defined.

There was no one to whom she could turn. But Oh! how to do right, she was so anxious to learn. She knew she had had what she had asked for in prayer, but sometimes the burdens did indeed seem greater than she could bear.

She knew at times she had been bad, but she never felt very happy over it nor said, "I'm glad." Sometimes she had to wield a blow that they might be able to see that no further they could go. It was thus that she used her might so as to help them to do what was right.

The way over which she had come seemed to be long indeed, a little comfort is all that she did need. There was nothing, in all her life, for any one that she had done, so she was told she had to forget them all and await the rising of the Son. This gave her comfort and cheer; she didn't know she had won. She didn't know that well she had done. While her work wasn't finished, well she had done, long since it had been begun.

Her strength now dwelt within, for she had conquered; she had driven out the sin. She was a child of God, now she had to help others that they too might win.

She got her help from the ones who had gone before, she had remembered the good that they had done, she asked and knew no more.

She dwelt not with the ones above, though

they gave her comfort and strength and love. She dwells now with her fellow man, she says: "I must see and do all I can that they too shall take this stand."

This comfort was felt, because in sorrow she humbly knelt and asked for help in prayer. There was One above to whom she did dare. It gave her courage, it freed her from care. Now she knows that it is everywhere. It was sent from above because the ones on earth were dearly loved. He struggled to save us from sin and it was thus that He did win.

He wept over the ones who didn't seem to want help from on high, but He said: "When they are willing, they shall always find help that is nigh."

This was written in the old book in which so many have looked, they realized not what it did say, if they had, surely they'd have tried this way.

We have today, we have tomorrow, we have got to overcome all sorrow, if we have not sufficient strength, then of our fellow man let us borrow. He might be able to say a word of cheer

because he is a friend who is near and dear.

It is an earthly tie, They are the messengers sent to us from on high, that they might be good and for this happy end be permitted to try.

It must be help to uplift. The privilege is a grant gift. Let them know that it they can't buy, it is help that has been sent that they have found was nigh.

We on earth call them a friend, let them their assistance lend, it might help you, it might help them, their ways to mend. Ye need not ask from whence they came; whether they be a patient plodder or one of fortune or one of fame. He loves us all just the same.

Our pathway must be built on a foundation of rock, let us try to line it with clover, to do it, for God, we must be a roaver. E'en though it take us the wide world over.

We might start in the city or the valley to gain the mountain top; till we get there, let there be no rest, we must not stop. It is then we can look back and say: "I have done my best." It matters not what they say, at least, I have tried to travel in the one right way.

Ye might think that the mills of the Gods
grind slowly. Let me say, before we can be
very high, we must be very lowly.

We must not say what the others have done.
It is not thus that we can say we have won.

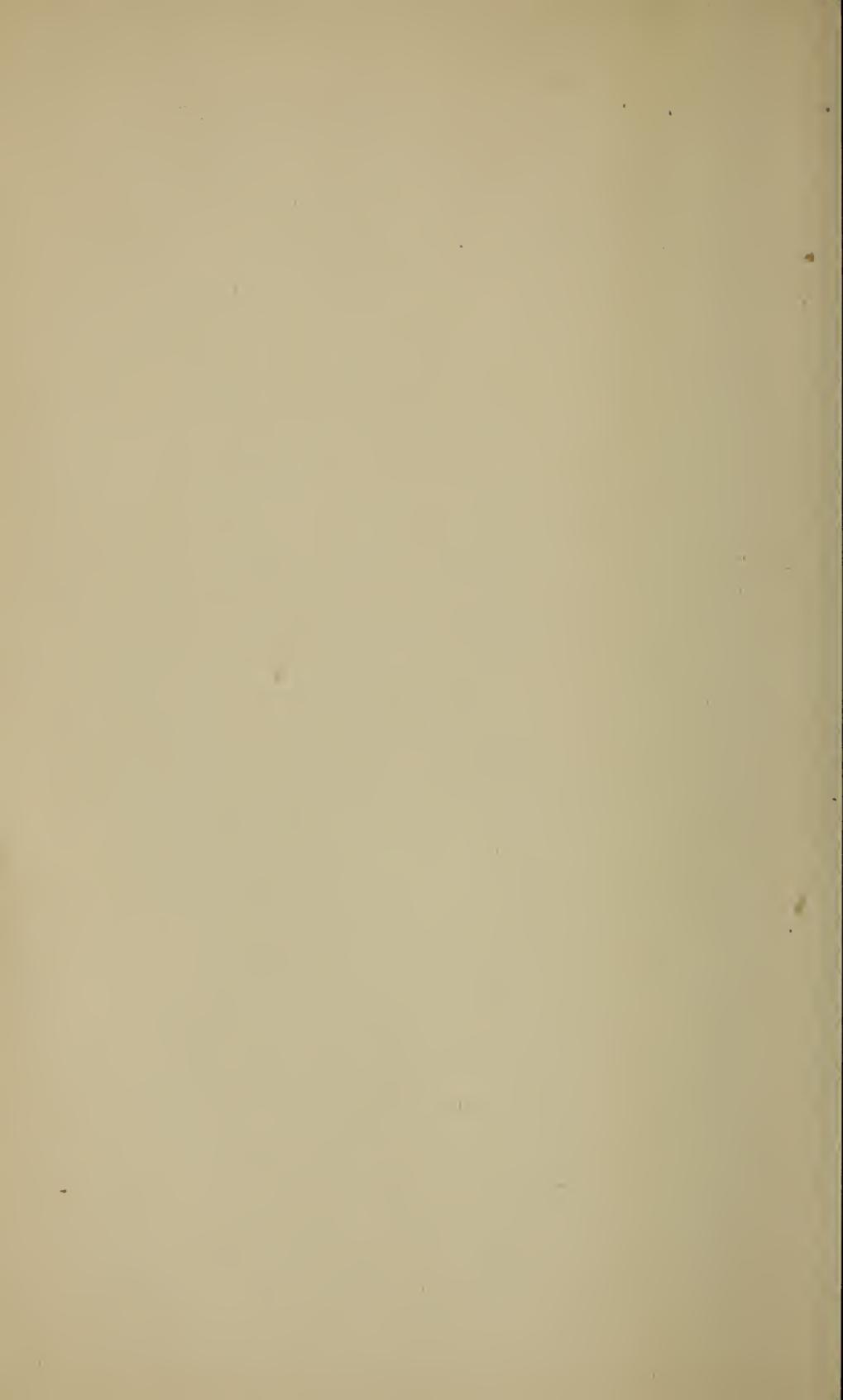
Ye might find ye have a rough old road; but
remember, if ye ask, ye'll be given strength to
carry the load.

The harder that has been the way, far greater
shall be thy victory on that great day. May it
be, we shall all be glad to hear what He shall
have to say.

Your work must be begun,
There shall be another rising of the Son.
Let His verdict be, well ye have done.
Your race, you have run. It you have won.

THE END.

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